

Achy Breaky Heart –Billy Ray Cyrus

[F]You can tell the world, you never was my girl
You can burn my clothes when I'm [C7]gone
Or you can tell your friends just what a fool I've been
And laugh and joke about me on the [F]phone

You can tell my arms - go back onto the farm
You can tell my feet to hit the [C7]floor
Or you can tell my lips to tell my fingertips
They won't be reaching out for you no [F]more

Chorus:

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[C7]stand
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [F]man

You can tell your ma, I moved to Arcansaw
You can tell your dog that bit my [C7]leg
Or tell your brother Cliff, who's fist can tell my lip
He never really liked me any- [F]way

Go tell your aunt Louise, tell anything you please
That sell already knows I'm not o-[C7]kay
Or you can tell my eye, watch out for my mind
It might be walkin' out on me one [F]day

Chorus:

But don't tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
I just don't think he'd under-[C7]stand
And if you tell my heart, my achy breaky heart
He might blow up and kill this [F]man

